

A 20-10-1841  
LETTER 2

*See to Warley*  
*1774*  
THOMAS ROCH,

AT

CANTERBURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

GAMESTERS,

AND THE FURBESQUE FORM INTITLED

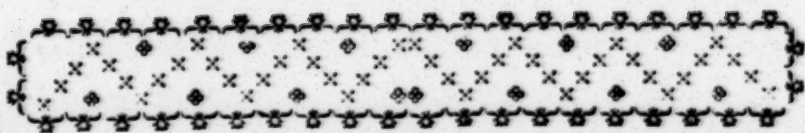
GUDGEON AGAINST DANIELS.

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## A L E T T E R, &c.

**T**HOUGH thou hast lost two hundred  
pounds at play,  
Though thou hast been to Law and  
lost the Day ;

Though *wretched* DANIELS triumphs at thy Cost,  
And all thy dear revenge is fairly lost ;  
Though lost each nobler passion that befits  
The human mind ; though almost lost thy wits ;  
Though dup'd by Fortune, and confirm'd by Law  
The veriest fool that ever mortal saw ;  
Expos'd to shame, for other fools the sport,  
And justly laugh'd at in a public Court ;  
Though foes against thee arm a thousand strong,  
And ev'ry friend still thinks thee in the wrong :

B

Permit



Permit a muse, who knows not how to hate,  
 But pities, even fools unfortunate ;  
 Who twice has scourg'd thee for thy faults in vain,  
 To bring thee back to Fame and Peace again.

No private pique, no prejudice remains  
 Within my breast, nor flows within my veins  
 One drop of blood, that is not quite subdu'd  
 By human kindness to promote thy good.  
 Curst be the Pen that's ever dip'd in gall  
 Where mere ill-nature dictates all in all ;  
 And doubly curst the satire, and the praise,  
 That swerves from truth's and virtue's nobler ways  
 To stain the robe, that honesty with care,  
 Has kept unspotted, and delights to wear ;  
 Or wander recreant quite from wisdom's rule,  
 And flatter ev'ry folly in a fool.  
 If truth I write, still to that truth attend,  
 And though severe, believe me still your friend.

The



The stripes the parent lays upon his child  
 If all unheeded, may be much too mild ;  
 The young offender fins another time,  
 And bolder grows, and glories in his crime.

From the first moment infant reason springs,  
 And the mind learns to judge of men and things ;  
 We feel the power of truth possess us strong,  
 A conscious knowledge of what's right and wrong ;  
 The just criterion for a man to try,  
 Whether his actions give his heart the lie.  
 To this I dare appeal and tell you plain,  
 Your mind is wretched 'midst the ease you feign.  
 To human-nature's great disgrace 'tis said  
 " Thou'rt dead to shame, to all conviction dead ;  
 " That kind advice and wise reproofs are lost,  
 " Like richest cordials pour'd upon a post ;  
 " A paradox in impudence ! though blam'd  
 " By all the world, *asham'd to be asham'd.*"  
 By all the powers, that still direct my pen  
 'Tis false—for ROCH can feel like other men.

'Tis pride with quaint dissimulation's aid  
 That shows him unaffected, undismay'd ;  
 And let the wicked world say what it will,  
 Alone, retir'd, he's all unhappy still.

But, ah, how mean the farce, how poor the part,  
 To mimic joy when grief's about the heart !  
What will not pride ? it baffles nature's rules,  
And makes e'en wise men act the part of fools.  
 Had'st thou a foe, whom thou would'st wish to curse  
 With some choice ill, thou could'st not wish him worse,  
 Than, like thyself, with conscience ill at ease,  
 To seem quite pleas'd, and quite intent to please ;  
 To wander all-neglected through the streets,  
 And bow to every block-head that he meets ;  
 To force continual smiles upon his face,  
 And feel, yet dare not seem to feel disgrace ;  
 To threat each foe with satire and with law,  
 And want to scratch, and yet have ne'er a claw ;

To write vile pamphlets and news-paper squibs,  
 In all the little sophistry of fibs ;  
 To publish *Manifestos* for renown,  
 And stand the laugh and jest of all the town.

What though thou boasts to frame the artful tale,  
 And spread the varnish'd falsehoods through the vale,  
 To catch the praise of tittering boys at school,  
 And ev'ry senseless giggle of a fool ;  
 What though thou bid'st defiance to thy foes,  
 With vulgar wit in low conceited prose ;  
 So mean a genius ne'er should grasp at fame,  
 Of scandal born, its destiny is shame.  
 And though thou much presum'st upon thy wit  
 Thou none hast show'd that's sterling, "*not a bit.*"  
 Tho' like the world's proud victor, thou can'st bear  
 No small competitor, no equal near ;  
 Though of thy pigmy parts so high thou deem,  
 That thou'rt a giant in thy own esteem ;

Plain sense, and honesty, and good design,  
 Will weigh down talents greater far than thine.  
 Perish the parts, that lead thee thus astray !  
 Perish the pen, that arms thee for the fray !  
 Be peace restor'd—attend what I propose—  
 SUBMIT, and CONQUER ;—conquer all thy foes.  
 And first, that PRIDE which keeps thee in the wrong,  
 Against the pow'r of truth, and charm of song ;  
 That makes the strings of harmony to jar,  
 And sets the man against himself at war ;  
 That breaks the sacred bands, the social train  
 Of neighbourhood and friendship quite in twain ;  
 Be that subdu'd—and, take a poet's word,  
 The rest shall fall beneath thy conquering sword.  
 Not haughty Cæsar, in his trophied car,  
 With laurels crown'd, triumphant from the war,  
 E'er gain'd such glory as shall round thee shine,  
 If such a noble conquest should be thine.  
 But this advance admits of no retreat ;  
 Go on, pursue, and win the day compleat.

For



For every friend, and every foe, that's found  
 Wounded by thee, tis thine to heal the wound ;  
 To pour the balm that reunites the band,  
 Of broken concord, with a gentle hand.  
 The peaceful olive, and the graceful veil  
 That hides the side where human nature's frail,  
 'Tis thine to offer, and with tender care,  
 To cover faults thy wantonness laid bare ;  
 With soft conciliation to assuage  
 Resentment, 'ere it rises into rage :  
 To show true sorrow for offences past ;  
 To conquer first thyself, and them the last.

Mistake me not, I form no paltry plan,  
 No mean submission to debase the man ;  
 Where forc'd apologies, excuses lame,  
 Betray a soul degenerately tame ;  
 But such as nicest honour may approve,  
 And magnanimity delight to love.

Search.

Search Nature thro', peruse her moral page,  
 Trace all her worthies down thro' ev'ry age,  
 And say, what nobler beauty can you find  
 Than the sincere confession of a mind  
 Convinc'd of error, not asham'd to bend,  
 That owns its faults, determin'd to amend ?  
 Then mark the contrast, mark it thro' the whole,  
 And see, with shame, the man of little soul !  
 Though wrong in ev'ry step from first to last,  
 He ne'er repents him of the follies past.  
 Is play his passion ? lo, the cards are brought,—  
 In his own trap the wily fox is caught ;  
 He loses hundreds, yet pursues the game,  
 'Till his heart feels the little paltry shame  
 Of being beaten in a lawless cause ;  
 And yet the Varlet seeks redress from Laws.  
 No shifts, no turns, no doublings, but he'll try ;  
 Rather than pay he'll make a beastly lye :  
 Be drunk, be mad, be any thing but *beat*,  
 And tell the world the *winner was a cheat*.

Does

Does any one offend ? he brings his suit;  
 And goes to Law ; the Law condemns the Brute :  
 Yet still to him the Verdict is untrue ;  
 He swears the Judge but *jokes*, and Jury too.  
 By nature prone to subtlety and rage,  
 Eager with each assailant to engage,  
 He writes, he prints, nor ever stops to think  
*The more that Reynard stirs the more he'll stink ;*  
 On ev'ry character his *nuisance* stamps,  
 Nor spares e'en CLETHERO that lights the lamps.

Turns not thine eye abhorrent from the view ?  
 Blush not thy cheeks to feel the likeness true ?  
 Can Nature force no token of her grace,  
 No lineament humane, upon thy face ?  
 Oh, may the pow'rs benign to erring man,  
 Who tend his steps along life's little span,  
 Assist the muse to light the sacred flame,  
 And fire thy bosom with a sense of shame !

Were

Were to my hand th' immortal pencil giv'n,  
 Prepar'd, and dip'd in colours mix'd in heav'n,  
 The charms of sweet repentance should be thine,  
 The thought, the tongue, the look, the breath divine,  
 That melts the heart of man, tho' turn'd to stone,  
 And wins a Grace from God upon his throne.

But 'twill not be ; the muse, with feeble wings,  
 Strikes at thy heart, but cannot break the strings,  
 Yet if she e'er should chance to make it feel,  
 (Hard as it is, and cas'd in triple steel !)  
 On that alone her little Fame she'll raise,  
 And build a living monument of Praise.

